VOL. 39 NO. 997 NOVEMBER. 24. 1900 PRICE 10 CENTS

Judge

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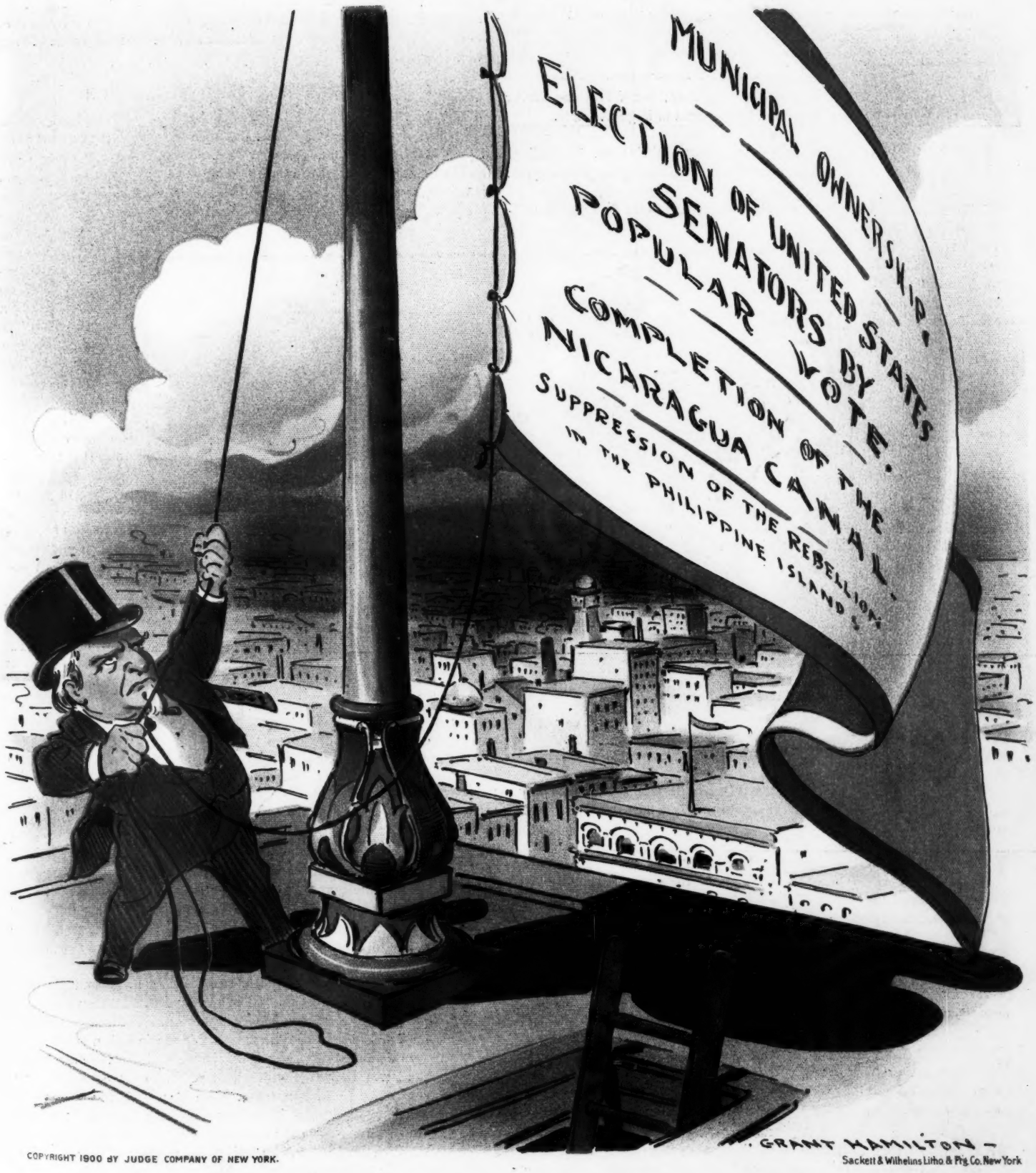

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"JUDGE," WITH HIS "FULL DINNER-PAIL,"

having elected McKinley, defeated silver, and brought about protection to the American workingman, now hoists a new standard, upon which is written the issues he will fight for during the coming four years.

Judge

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One copy, one year, or 52 numbers - $5.00
One copy, six months, or 26 numbers - 2.50
One copy, for thirteen weeks - - - 1.25
Including the CHRISTMAS JUDGE.

FOREIGN SUBSCRIPTIONS — To all foreign countries in the postal union, $6.00 a year.

WESTERN OFFICE—*Henry Bright, manager, Boyce building, Chicago.*
EUROPEAN SALES-AGENTS—*International news company, Bream's building, Chancery lane, E. C., London; Brentano's, avenue de l'Opéra, Paris; Saarbach's news exchange, Mainz, Germany.*

CORNER FIFTH AVENUE AND SIXTEENTH STREET, NEW YORK.

☞ *Circulation larger than any other cartoon weekly in the world.*

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IT IS OLD Democratic advice to get together; but if Hill and Croker happen to do so the police should be present in large numbers.

* * *

THE PARADERS had better make the most of their time. The college boys will in a few days have a monopoly of all the fighting of this year.

* * *

FROM THE DATE of his marriage Castellane spent thirty-seven million francs; then the French courts interfered in behalf of the rest of the income of the countess. Is such a man crazy or merely selfish and soulless?

* * *

"GO IN and knock 'em down at the polling-places," reminds one of the younger Richard Croker of a good many years ago. Fortunately for all, the advice was omitted until nearly the end of the campaign. Otherwise it might have been unfortunate for him.

* * *

BRESCI, who killed the king of Italy, shows an acute and perhaps an affectionate remembrance of his wife as the weather grows cold. He writes for money to buy thicker underclothes, and she sends it. It is her first word from him since he went away.

* * *

THE ALLIES found in the wall of the imperial palace at Peking the body of Chenci, the favorite concubine of the emperor, a handsome girl who incurred the enmity of the empress dowager, and was killed by order of the latter before the flight of the court.

* * *

OF A SATURDAY Bryan spoke in a Pennsylvania town, and the Philadelphia *Press* frankly said, "It looks as if the people had suspended business to listen to him"; adding with cheerful frankness, "If he were really elected they would suspend for him for four years."

* * *

CASTELLANE is in a rage because George Jay Gould has been made trustee of the countess's income. The amount involved is eight million francs a year and he has used up six million and a half of it. The young man ought in addition to have a guardian and several regular attendants.

* * *

THE RUFFIANS of Elmira who had planned to mob Stanchfield doubtless intended to do so to ward off suspicion that it was they who had mobbed Roosevelt. That was a very poor plan, since Stanchfield is a gentleman and would have insisted as far as possible on getting his share of that kind of attention, having entire contempt for any kind of protection the ruffians might have offered him.

A CALL FOR EGGS.

THE ROOSTER—"The farmer and his son are going to that fourth-rate performance of 'Hamlet' to-night."
SETTING HEN—"Oh, dear! isn't that too bad? Just as these eggs are almost hatched, too!"

A BAD SUGGESTION.

A CONTEMPORARY says that the only proper thing to do when a man points a gun at you is to throw a brick at him, and if you kill him so much the better. Ye-es; but first be sure that the brick isn't loaded, because it is not pleasant to be locked up for murder, even if the victim escape being killed. There is such a thing as preventing crime by perpetrating it, and the law has a habit of punishing the latter kind of recklessness, too.

SILLY CARTOONS.

"THE MODEST HANNA," says the Utica *Observer*, "does not claim credit for the guidance of McKinley in his statesmanlike ways." No. The modest Hanna is not a fool, and he knows that the cartoons and the remarks making McKinley a boy in his hands are utterly absurd, and make their authors ridiculous. The record of McKinley is too good to be injured by any such foolishness. The greatness and honesty of McKinley do not need to be proved or stated, and the cartoonists who accredit them to Hanna are shocking the common sense and the sense of justice of every well-informed man.

THE RUFFIANS KEEP TOGETHER.

THE RUFFIANISM of this campaign has been confined largely to the Democrats. They started it, and their example has been only very lightly followed even by their own kind. The trouble at Cripple Creek and in Chicago was mild and barely worth mentioning, but such as it was it belonged solely to the side which has usually been responsible for it in the years gone by. The years will apparently not change things much as time goes on. The party of the ku-klux will keep its reputation and its manner of doing business as it has thus far. The party of populism does not become better by calling itself democratic. It is the same kind of human nature controlled by a different kind of propulsion. It speaks and moves in a mysterious way the same purposes to perform. Hereafter, as heretofore, the whig and Republican parties will be the parties of gentler blood, whatever fighting may be necessary to sustain any consummation of principle. That is to say, the Republicans will miss nothing of the incidental scrimmage, but they will do their share of the rougher work necessary to principle, too.

SOUTHERN PROVINCIALISM.

THE EDITOR of the Richmond *Times* says that "when a Republican has come for the purpose of casting his lot among us, and when he has shown no disposition to meddle with local politics, he has been treated with kindness and consideration." Again it says that if settlers "from other sections come here, and if they refrain from meddling in local politics, they may be sure of enjoying to the fullest extent our trust and best southern hospitality." It is pretty late in the day for a welcome like that. The conditions are not agreeable to live men, and in fact they are calculated to drive away population and capital that would otherwise be tempted to go south. The *Sun* says truly that it is this provincialism which hurts the south more than anything else; and it is doubtful if this editor speaks fairly for his section, the majority of whose people are supposed to have shrewdness as well as common sense. But Henry Watterson says the editor doesn't mean the average immigrant who has a habit of voting, but the northern crank reformer and carpet-bagger who for a time dominated the south and ruled her local politics as if to the country born. The Richmond editor ought to have discriminated, of course; but, really, the kind of northerners specified by Mr. Watterson have passed out, and the fact remains that thousands of very modest and quiet business northerners have been driven out of such southern places as they had adopted for their permanent homes.

VICTORY IN LOSS.

ONCE on a time, long, long ago, a shepherd and a shepherdess dwelt outside the walled garden of the Hesperides. He loved her because she was pretty and they both were young; she loved him because she was a woman and must love something, and he did not object in the least to being adored. But because she loved him truly though blindly she urged him to climb the wall and pluck the golden apples. He said it was impossible. But she so helped him and encouraged him and believed in him that he tried, and after many failures and discouragements he succeeded. And when he had surmounted the wall and slain the dragon, he found that the maidens who lived in the garden were fair to see and they helped him to the golden apples. And one day, as he had climbed with one of them high into the branches of the tree, he saw the shepherdess below stretching out her arms to him.

"Did you come from that queer, bleak country outside?" asked the maiden of the garden. "And who is that little thing?"

"Oh, that is a little shepherdess I used to know," he answered. "She was very fond of me and a good little thing, but when a man finds he is bound to rise he cannot be hampered by boyhood's ties."

And he turned away from the shepherdess and looked deep into the eyes of the beautiful woman beside him.

But the little shepherdess was not utterly unhappy.

"He loved me first!" she murmured. "She cannot take that from me. He loved me first!"

She was almost content. But of course this was all a long while ago. Nothing in the least like it could happen nowadays.

MARGARET WENTWORTH.

HE IS WISE that saves up for a rainy day, for even if there be a protracted drouth it is well to have capital with which to buy water.

A CUMULATIVE DELAY.

KATE—"I wish, dear, you would go around to the book-store and get some of the newest novels."

MAUDE—"Why not wait until this afternoon? There will be some more out by that time."

WHAT SHE THOUGHT.

UNCLE John is one of these chaps who are given to the use of quotations in their everyday talk, and he came one day, after several years of absence, to visit his relatives. He was quite unexpected. After he had greeted his brother and his sister-in-law, he inquired for the baby, Margie.

"She is upstairs taking a nap," said the little girl's mother. "Go up and surprise her."

So Uncle John went up. The bedroom door was closed. He knocked softly.

"Who ith it?" asked Margie from within.

"It is I; be not afraid," replied Uncle John in a fine bass voice.

"Come in," said Margie, after a short interval.

He went in, and was somewhat astonished to find the little girl upon her knees, her hands clasped, her face turned reverently toward the door. But she jumped up instantly.

"Why, Uncle John!" she exclaimed with a squeak. "Excuthe me! I thought you wath Jethuth."

VERY MUCH SO.

"I MAY not know much about politics," remarked the turkey, "but"——

He hastily resumed his dumb-bell exercise.

"With me, expansion is a dead issue."

THE WAY SHE EVENED THINGS UP.

MRS. MAHONE—"There's no sense in larrupin' thot kid av yours the way yez did this marrnin'. It only wears out th' sate av his pants."

MRS. OCHONE—"Only a thrifle! Because it's so long befoor he kin sit down agin, thot it more than makes up for it."

JUDGE'S FAVORITES.

ANNIE RUSSELL

"PRINCESS ANGELA" IN "A ROYAL FAMILY."

Lovely as any heroine of fable,
Princess as sweet as in a fairy-tale,
By what enchantment new art thou thus able
To conjure dreams that make real life seem pale?
For sceptred royalty might envious be
Of such dominion as is held by thee.

THE HEROES OF THE HOUR.

LIVES of great men now remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing leave behind us
Foot-balls on the sands of time.

A DISTINCTION WITH A DIFFERENCE.

Smith—"Isn't that Bryan orator a regular monkey?"
Jones—"Yes, and also a regular harangue-outang."

THE LIMITATIONS OF WISDOM.

"THE moon," said Benny Wise, gravely addressing his younger sister, "is a lantern that God hangs out so 's folks can see at night."

"But why," asked the little girl, "doesn't He hang it out every night?"

"Why, 'cause—'cause"—drawing himself up with dignity, and preparing to leave the room—"He doesn't have to, I s'pose. Huh!"

OLD SNOWBALL.

NO WONDER with stealthy step he goes
At midnight when all is still.
Thanksgiving's here, and well he knows
The henhouse under the hill.

ITS STATUS.

Mrs. Hoon—"What is the size of China's standing army?"

Mr. Hoon—"China has no standing army; it is continually on the run."

NOT SO BAD.

MRS. UPTODATE MALAPROP, telling a sad story of the sufferings of a crippled friend, finished the recital of woe by saying,

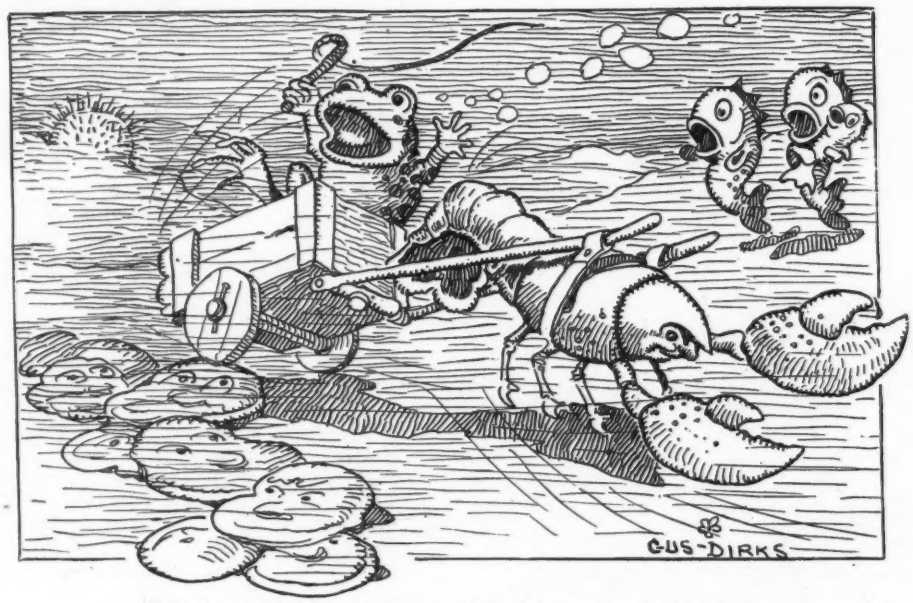
"The poor man can't walk a step, and has to sit in an infidel chair all the time."

"What a pity, and so bad for his immortal soul!" replied her sympathetic but mischievous listener.

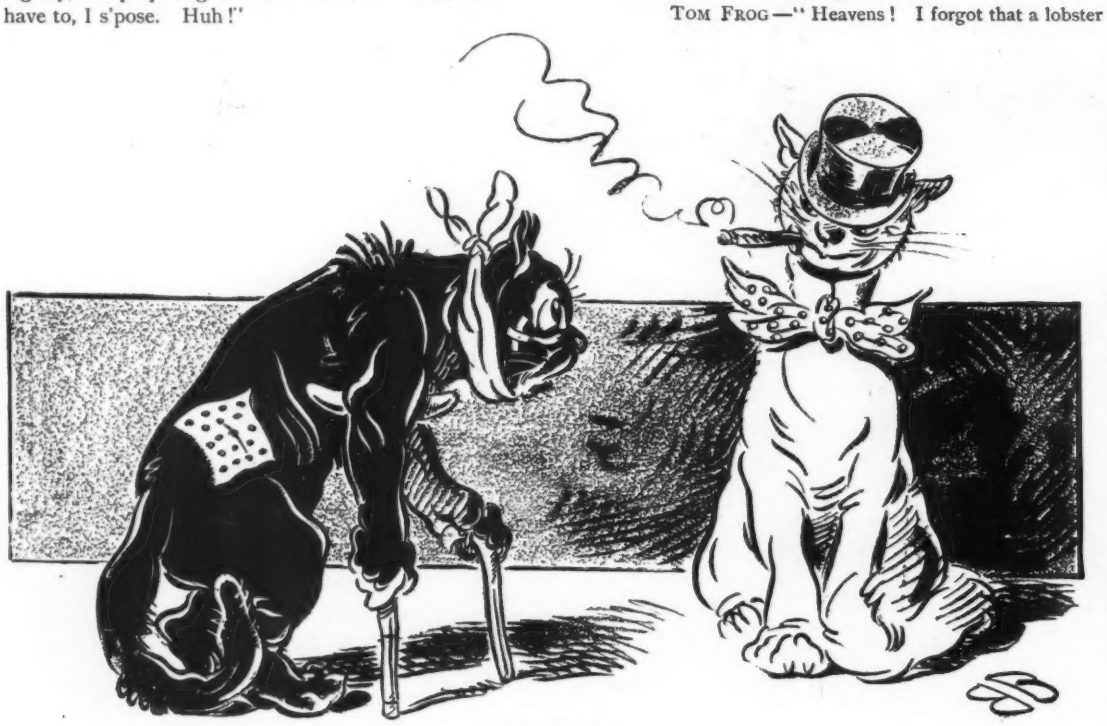
"Oh, no!" promptly contradicted Mrs. Malaprop, "it's his spine that's afflicted."

TERMS OF SURRENDER.

SMALL VOICE (*inside*)—"Papa, if you promise to put away the stick I'll come out."



TOM FROG—"Heavens! I forgot that a lobster swims backwards."



EXPLAINED.

FELINE COMEDIAN—"Why, old chap, what is the matter?"
FELINE TRAGEDIAN—"Just been trying my new play on the dog."

WOULD APPRECIATE IT.

I WISH I was a shirtwaist man,
The turkey cried, distressed,
For then it wouldn't be my fate
To be beneath a vest.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Smith—"The dog's tail can't wag the dog, can it?"

Brown—"No, but the landed fish cannot wag his tail without wagging the entire fish."

A QUESTION OF LOCALITY.

THE affable eastern drummer, passing through the alkali district of Arizona, hailed a native driving by with, "Howdy, stranger?"

"Oh, I'm cistern, podner."

"You're what?"

"I'm cistern, I'm healthy."

"You mean you're well."

"No, I don't nuther; this is the dryest place on earth, and I don't use no well."

ANCIENT FINANCE.

PREVIOUS to the Jewish dispensation the Jews were at liberty to eat pork, and large quantities were consumed by them. But Aaron, being a thrifty man of affairs, one day said to his brother Moses, "What for the people have all this gold and silver in jewelry and gods of gold and silver? It is of no use to them. I will tell you what to do. You, Moses, write and tell them to throw all of these things into the river."

So Moses made the desired command, and the people obeyed the same. After this was done Aaron was careful to take his brother Moses at night; they went together and gathered up all this treasure. But Aaron was the custodian of it; so after a while Aaron turned in and bought up all the pork in the land and raised the price. When Moses learned of this a fierce quarrel arose between the brothers for a division of the profits. Aaron wanted all, obstinately refusing to share with his brother.

So Moses published another decree, forever forbidding the Jews to eat pork. So Aaron was long on pork—and the Jews to this day eat none.

MR. CANDLESTICK (*who doesn't happen to notice his son's position*)—"Whew! that thermometer has gone up seventy degrees while I have been looking at it."

THEIR PECULIARITY.

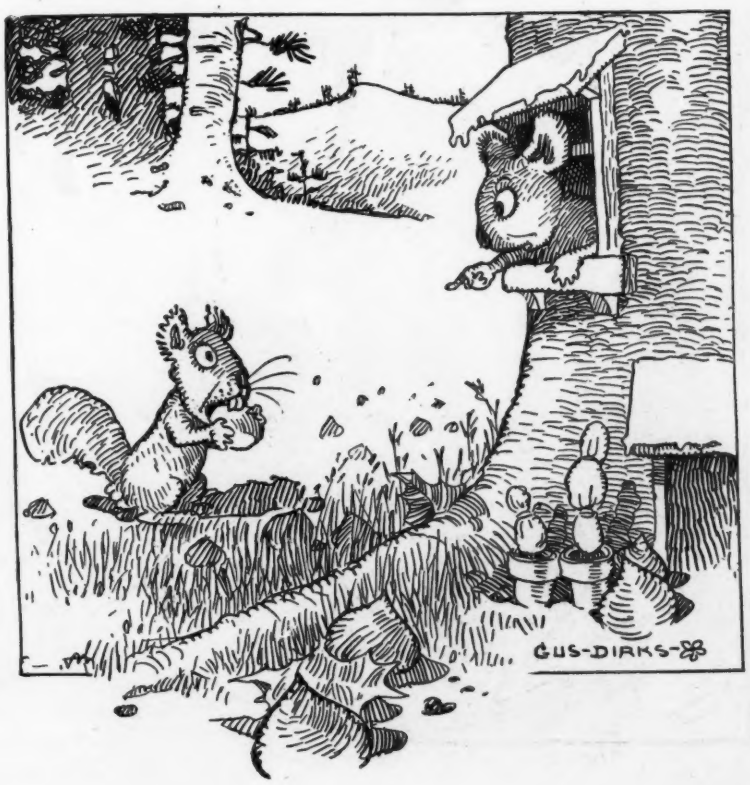
Mrs. Dorcas—"You may say what you like about the rational dress, but you never saw a pair of bloomers that bagged at the knees."

Dorcas—"Why, my dear, they bag all over."

HIS FIELD.

MAY—"What is that Methodist church so near the golf-links for?"

META—"It is the pastor's own idea. You can hear him preach from every tee."



MRS SQUIRREL—"Lucy, how many times must I tell you not to crack nuts with your teeth?"

HER RACE DISCOVERED.

"I WAS so much interested in the lecturer's account of caste in India," said Mrs. Darley on her return. "You'd be surprised at the absurdities the caste feeling is responsible for, and the tragedies, too."

"Indeed?" replied Mr. Darley.

"For instance," Mrs. Darley went on, "the pariahs are not allowed to drink water from the same wells that the high-caste people get their water from; and if by accident a pariah does drink such water the well is thereby defiled, and the process of purification is a long and expensive one."

"Well, well!"

"Yes; and the lecturer told us something else, too. He is a high-caste man himself, but his people treat him as an outcast because he associates with Europeans and Americans. His cousin, the rajah of Jupperlee, who is somewhat enlightened, although he has sixteen wives—that is, the rajah has, not the lecturer—allows him to visit him and even to eat at his table; but what do you think?"

MR. BUNNY—"Oh, dear! we're lost now, sure. Some one has spilled his ashes right in our path."

"What do I think?"

"Yes; what do you think happens then?"

"I don't think; I can't guess."

"Well, after each meal every cup and saucer and plate that the poor man has used is smashed because it is defiled and may not be used by one of the faithful."

"All the china is smashed, eh?"

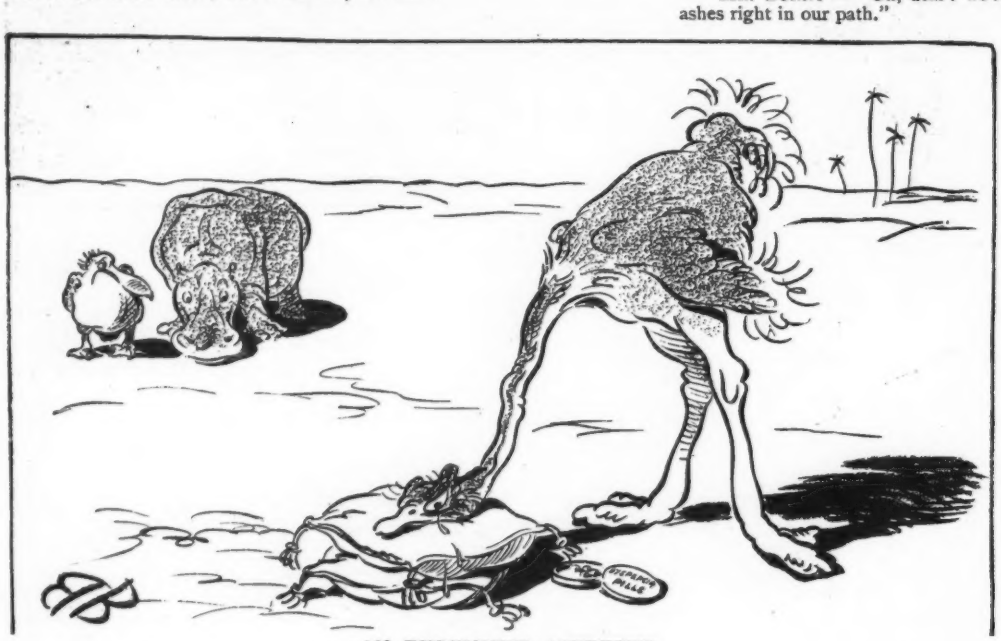
"Yes."

"I've made a discovery."

"What is it?"

"Our cook must be a high-caste Hindu."

WILLIAM HENRY SIVITER.



AN EXPENSIVE APPETITE.

THE HIPPO—"The ostrich looks sad to-day, doesn't he?"
THE PELICAN—"No wonder. He sat in a dollar-ante game last night and inadvertently ate three stacks of blues."

AN EIGHTEEN-KARAT THOUGHT.

THE golden-rod is blazing
And flaming left and right;
It rolls in wind-tossed billows
And flashes in its flight
Until we fondly fancy
It roasts in mad-cap glee
The chestnut till it simply
Evacuates the tree.

R. K. M.

THE FULL MEANING.

GLADYS—"He is a popular hero."
ETHEL—"Gridiron or altar?"
GLADYS—"Gridiron, of course! Didn't I say popular?"

IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

LADY OF THE HOUSE (*to log of wood*)—"All right; if you cut up some of those tramps I'll give you a meal."

A TERRIBLE STATE OF AFFAIRS.

"THERE was a street-doctor sellin' medicine from a waggin' on the post-office corner while I was in town this afternoon," said shrewd old Farmer Hornbeak upon his return from a half-day's visit to the county seat, "that struck me as bein' just about the slickest chap of the kind that I ever had the pleasure of listenin' to. He described, in an awful and far-reachin' voice, a strange and horrid disease with a terrible Latin name as long as your arm, and thundered that hundreds, nay, thousands, of people go all their lives long with that awful malady ensconced in their insides and never know it. And, b'jing! he sold his remedy as fast as he could hand it out, at a dollar a bottle, to people who were actually pale with the conviction that if they didn't git his nostrum to drive that 'ere horrid Latin disease out of their systems they would never be aware that they were suffer-in' from it."

VIEWPOINTS.

Cora—"The foot-ball players must be thankful that the games are over for the season."

Merritt—"Yes, indeed. It must be a great relief for them to feel that at last they can get a hair-cut."

IN TOPSY-TURVY LAND.

THE SAFE—"Jimminy! but dis is de toughest burguler I wuz ever up against."

SPORTY YOUNG FOX—"Ah, yes; mother was right—this fast life will be the death of me."

WHY THANKFUL?

WHAT are we thankful for?
That is a question
That sometimes puzzles e'en a dinner-guest:
The rich are thankful for a good digestion,
The poor if they have something to digest. G. B.

COMMENDABLE CAUTION.

Foster—"Curious affair about that New York man that is going to start out to discover the north pole."

Felton—"How so?"

Foster—"Why, he delayed starting until the relief expedition was already on the way."

FROM MA'S POINT OF VIEW.

MOTHER—"Gertrude, I'm afraid you made a mistake in refusing that Mr. Jones."
DAUGHTER—"Why, mother?"
MOTHER—"Why, the meek manner in which he took your refusal shows he is of the stuff that husbands should be made of."

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"JUDGE" HOLDS A

of old campaign stuff, but finds no buy

Sackett & Wilhelms Litho & Ptg. Co. New York.

OLDS A RUMMAGE SALE
but find no buyers—everyone is too busy to buy.

HE DIDN'T TELL.

"WHAT will there be for dessert, mamma?" asked little Percy.

There was to be a "company" dinner, and Percy was inquisitive as to the details.

"There will be nuts, but you must not tell during the meal."

Percy said he wouldn't.

When dinner was about half over he called out to the guest of honor,

"You don't know what there is for dessert. I'm not allowed to tell, but it's something to crack and pick good things out of."

COQUETRY is a mask that betrays more than it conceals.

A SAFE BET.

MR. COBBLE—"I'll bet that I can tell with absolute certainty just what the weather will be for the next twenty-four hours."
MISS STONE—"I'd like to bet you five dollars you can't. Now go ahead and tell."
MR. COBBLE—"Not so fast. Meet me on this spot to-morrow at this hour."

THE KIND OF DAY.

A FOG was on in London and the streets of the great city wore the gloomy, dispiriting aspect that prevails on such occasions. At a certain cab-stand on —— street, the cabbies lounged in damp and silent discontent; while their horses stood, noses down and tails drooping.

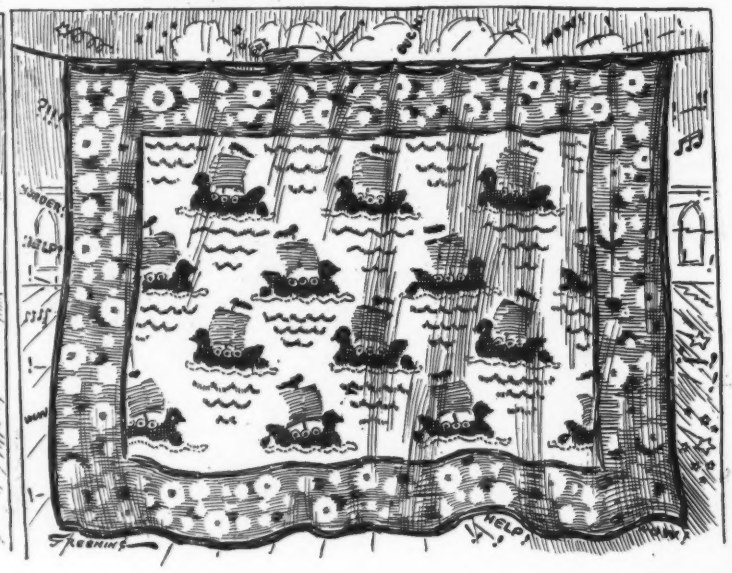
"Dang the weather!" suddenly and savagely burst out a red-faced, burly cabby. "Hit's a beastly day! The kind that makes a feller feel like going 'ome, walloping 'is wife and spitting at hisself in the looking-glass."

A grunt of assent from the other cabbies; a quiver of appreciation among the horses, and silence again.

1.
SIR GUY—"Liane, my lily-white mayde, I love you! Fly with me!"

2.
"See, I drop to my knees before you. Leave that lobster of a father."

3.
LIANE—"Oh, here he comes! Run!"
SIR GUY—"I can't! My spiked knee-pieces are stuck to the floor! Oh! ah"——



4.
Hist! Let us draw a curtain across the painful scene that followed.

NAILED BY THE KNEES, A MEDIEVAL MISHAP.

He often raved about her eyes
In manner quite ecstatic;
They were the color of the skies,
He said, and quite emphatic.
Now, there are different colored skies—
You see, he was no dullard—
Perhaps the eyes he raved about
Were only mack'rel-colored.
—*Yonkers Statesman.*

If you're always hale and hearty, well-content and uncomplaining,
Then you're one out of a hundred, and your counterparts are few;
But nineteen out of twenty of the ninety-nine remaining,
Would they cleanse their blood with R.I.P.A.N.S, might be fortunate as you.

Some people have never purchased a gold-brick for no other reason than that the gold-brick man has never suspected them of having the price.—After a woman has been told she is a good manager she makes herself unpopular by attempting to manage her friends' affairs as well as her own.—It is one of the unfortunate things of life that when a family has quail to eat their neighbors don't know it as they do when onions are fried.—Before marrying a girl, young man, look her mother over. You can tell what a girl will be twenty or thirty years hence by looking at her mother.—*Arkansaw Thomas Cat.*

A Pullman or dining-car meal should be accompanied by a bottle of Saratoga Arondack Water. It produces perfect digestion. Try it.

It was on a west-side cable. The stout Teuton woman with the little boy handed the conductor a two-dollar bill. "Smallest you have?" inquired the conductor as he shifted the silver and nickels in his pocket. She thought he meant the little boy. "Nein," she responded; "I haf one home only dree mont's old alretty." Then the laugh was on the conductor.—*Tacoma News.*

Packer's Tar Soap

is pure, antiseptic and in every sense hygienic. It has no equal as a luxurious and invigorating cleanser

For the Hair and Skin

THE PACKER MFG. CO., NEW YORK.

There's a happy little twinkle in her eye created by the thought of

Whitman's

Chocolates and Confections

Whitman's Instantaneous Chocolate is perfect in flavor and quality, delicious and healthful. Made instantly with boiling milk.

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON,
1316 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

Going up the Mohawk valley on a Central-Hudson train the other day were two men attached to each other by handcuffs. They rode in silence for some time, neither appearing to notice that he had a seat-mate. Finally one turned to the other and asked, "Where yer goin'?" "Utica," was the reply. "Asylum?" "Ye-ep." "Crazy?" "Ye-ep; religion." There was silence for some time after that. Then the one who had answered the questions in the first instance turned inquisitor. "You going to Utica?" "Yes." "Crazy, too?" "Yes." "What's the matter with you?" "Imperialism." "Oh, you ain't crazy—you're a blank fool."—*Albany Evening Journal.*

Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup will make a permanent cure in all cases of cough, or cold on chest or lungs. It will cure when other remedies have failed. Physicians recommend it.

"I am sorry to say I have no money," complacently remarked the seedy-looking chap as the conductor came through for his fares. "Can't you let me ride free, just as a joke?" "I think the joke has been carried far enough," replied the conductor as he reached for the bell-cord.—*Philadelphia Record.*

Mistress—"Marie, I must ask you to put a little more pepper in your soups." *New domestic*—"Lor', ma'am! I don't like pepper in soup. Ye'll have to season it yerself after it comes on the table."—*Chicago Tribune.*

EVANS' ALE and STOUT

Can be tested at any first-class place anywhere from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean

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Does Much Work

With Little Work

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Imported and Town-Made Gowns.

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Paletots, Wraps, and Jackets.

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Broadway & 19th St.

NEW YORK.

"Yes, I always take my Thanksgiving dinner at some restaurant." "Why is that?" "I wouldn't feel that it was Thanksgiving if I didn't have turkey, and we couldn't get anything bigger than a bantam rooster into our flat."—*Chicago News.*

Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters, makes work and hearts both lighter. At druggists' and grocers'.

If you would be perfect,
Dear sisters and brothers,
Just follow the counsel
You give unto others.
—*Catholic Standard.*

"It's a cur'us fack," said Uncle Eben, "dat de man who is onwillin' to rest on Sunday is equally onwillin' to labor de yuthuh six days." *Washington Star.*

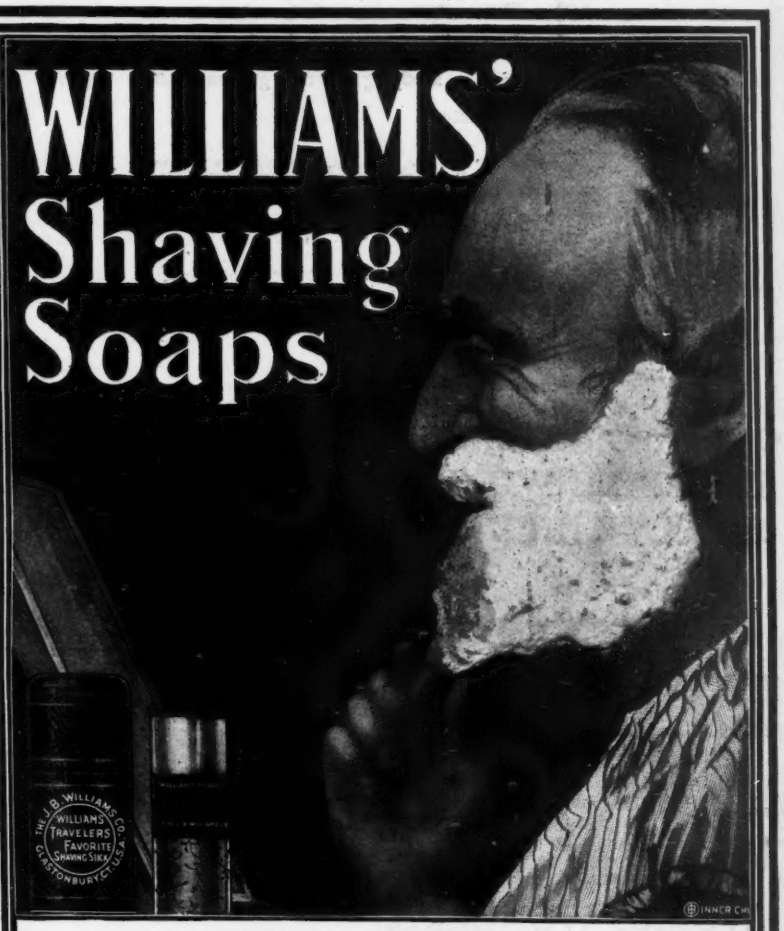
Hazlitt—"So you really think that Miss Mezzotint is a genuine artist? And yet you never heard her." *Barsad*—"No; but she freely admits that she sings her selections. She does not claim that she renders them."—*Boston Transcript.*

Sailing under false colors are all cheap and poisonous domestic substitutes of DR. SIEGERT'S Angostura Bitters, the great South American tonic.

At the last day there will probably be some woman who will gaze on the pearly gates and say they are just grand.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

Volcanoes have more sense than man
(This is no foolish joke);
They follow the hygienic plan
And stay outdoors to smoke.
—*Chicago Record.*

WILLIAMS' Shaving Soaps



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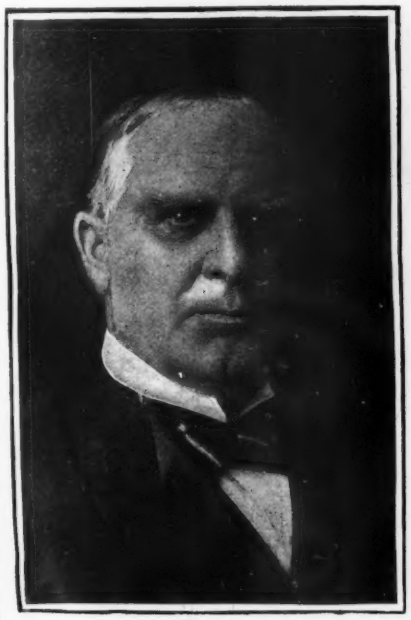

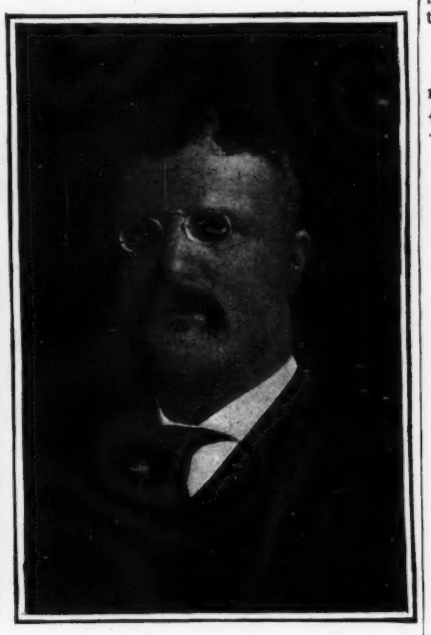

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And I must take my bowie-knife, my slung-shot and my gun,
And stand beside the polling-place until the day is done.
Yes, wake and call me early, with no sympathetic pang,
For I am the boss of the gang, mother; I am the boss of the gang.

Don't forget to call me early, call me early—do you hear?
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And shoot a rude, coercive clerk chock-full of bullet-holes.
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And I am the head of the gang, mother; I am the boss of the gang.

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I've got my ammunition and my bludgeons lying near,
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I'll take a flying shot at all who want to be coerced.
My club will save the country and my gun will loudly bang,
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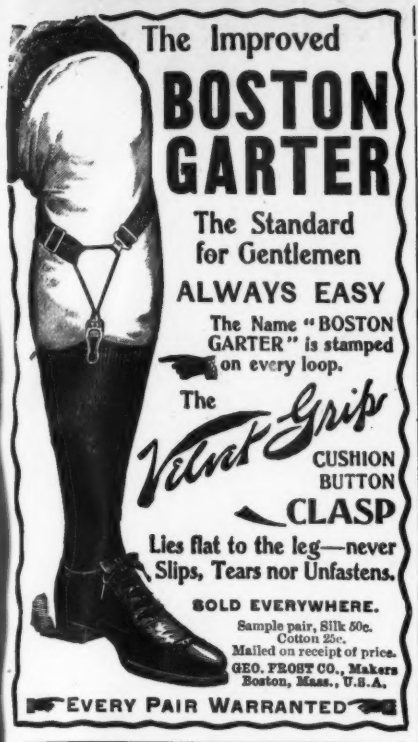

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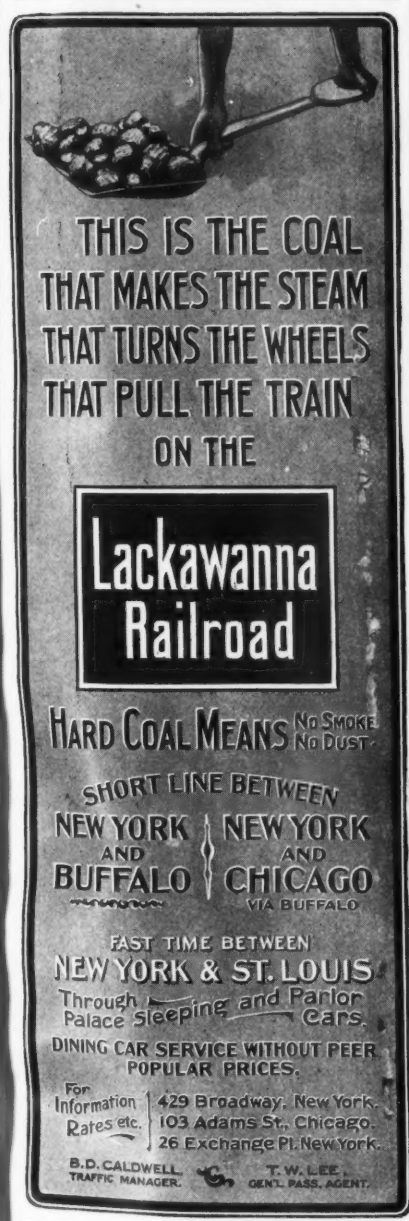

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